

How to Approve a Marriage

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Summary: "...who's Frigga?" "The Goddess of Marriage." "Goddess of marriage huh?" Hiccup/Astrid and some Irish foolery. K for safety.

How to Approve a Marriage

**Okay, here's a oneshot now including my OC, Saro. I really like developing Saro's character. So here's a story with her in it and please review, I love feedback you all should know by now. And please if you can, check out my other stories. Thanks to those who already reviewed previous stories and please keep reviewing.
Enjoy!**

Disclaimer, I own nothing.

~Soldier78~

How to Approve a Marriage

Hiccup plopped down at the table's bench with a audible groan. Saro looked up from her tray of food and at the boy. Astrid looked over at him as well.

"Whoa, what's with the groan?" Saro asked.

"You wouldn't believe what my dad got me into." Hiccup said.

"Try me." Saro challenged.

"What's wrong, Hiccup?" Astrid asked, concerned.

"You know that Viking village that's docked here for the week?" Hiccup asked, shooting glances at both of them. They both nodded.

"The Skinheads?" Saro asked. Hiccup nodded.

"He's arranging me to marry the Chief's daughter."

Saro choked on her mead again. Astrid, well, it was hard to judge her expression. A mixture of anger and hurt.

"Y-you're g-gettin' hitched?" Saro squeaked as she racked out coughs, stupid mead always went down the wrong pipe. "At this age?"

"Well, I am sixteen." Hiccup responded, looking at the former Celt.

"Still," Saro said, back to normal but still in disbelief. She couldn't help but point this one out. "Wait, but you already have a girlfriend. Your dad knows that right?"

"I've tried to tell him." Hiccup asked. "But as always, he never listens."

Saro looked at Astrid who was starting to fume over the situation. She then looked at Hiccup, a playful smirk rose on her face.

"This is just too good."

Astrid went out to vent out her anger out on poor innocent trees while Saro chopped up some wood with her hatchet. She looked up where she found Stoick the Vast and his son facing another burly Viking and his daughter.

"There's gotta be something I can do." Saro said to herself. She didn't want Hiccup to marry that girl, after all, it took Saro forever just to get Astrid and Hiccup to admit their feelings for one another. With this new girl on the island, all her work was down the drain, completely useless.

Saro heard a croon and she looked down, seeing Smallfy with pleading eyes. Saro tossed the hatchet aside.

"Okay, lunch for Smallfy." Saro said. On her way over to the Dragon Feed, as they called it, she passed by the two chiefs and the two heirs, overhearing a bit of their conversation.

"Frigga would be pleased with this union." The foreign Chief said.

"Indeed." Stoick agreed.

"Frigga?" Saro questioned as she picked up her pace.

Saro found Astrid in the woods. Astrid still released her frustration and anger on the trees. The axe was deeply lodged into a tree across from where Saro sat. She sat on a large boulder.

"So who's Frigga?" Saro questioned.

"What are you talking about?" Astrid asked, placing a hand on the hilt of her axe.

"I walked past Stoick and Hiccup talking to the Chief and his

daughter, the Chief said that 'Frigga would be pleased with this union'. So I ask, who's Frigga?" Saro asked.

"The Goddess of Marriage." Astrid said, yanking out her axe. Clearly, she was still upset.

"Goddess of marriage huh?"

Astrid looked over and found Saro with a familiar expression. Knowing that expression and the trouble that would come with it, Astrid decided to take no part. Though, Astrid did wonder what the former Celt was devising.

The marriage between Hiccup Horrendous Haddock III of Berk and Runa Meldon IV of the Skinheads were to be wedded in a week. Though Hiccup was now a groom-to-be, he snuck away with Astrid late in the night.

Hiccup confessed how upset he was. Granted Runa was nice and kind, but Hiccup still didn't want to marry her.

The forbidden couple laid beneath the blanket of stars, all cuddled up. Astrid rested her head against his shoulder as his arm was around her shoulders. Their last days as a couple were dimming down, Hiccup was going to make the most of it.

Behind them, Toothless was curled up next to a large tree.

"Astrid?" Hiccup asked after a long silence.

"Yeah?" Astrid said, eyes looking at him. Hiccup continued to stare at the starry night sky.

"I don't think I can go through with this." Hiccup confessed.
"Marrying Runa, she'sâ€|"

"Hiccup, you know you have to marry her." Astrid said. "To-"

"To keep both our villages united." Hiccup said. "I know, I know. It's just-argh!"

He stuck his tongue out, displaying his initial disgust of this situation. In a week, he'd be marriedâ€|to the wrong girl.

Astrid only shook her head and kissed his cheek tenderly before resting against his shoulder again. Oddly enough, thoughts of Saro's thinking face prone for extreme mischief, raced across the blonde Viking's mind. A spark of hope was filtered only because sometimes Saro was successful at her plans, if they did not end in almost destroying a good section of the village or ruining the food supply for the winter.

'I can't believe Saro's my only hope.' Astrid thought as she glanced at the boy before snuggling into him a little more.

A week later, on the day of the wedding, Saro was had not been seen. Astrid searched the village for the devious dweller that was surprisingly good at hiding.

"Saro!" Astrid called as she entered the thickets of the

forest.

Before she could go further in search for the troublemaker, Astrid's mother called.

"Astrid, come on, we don't want to be late."

Astrid let out a groan as she failed to find her. Astrid made a goal to have at Saro after the wedding.

Meanwhile, Saro was found at the cove with some unfortunate beings.

"I am so not doing this." Snotlout said, folding his arms across his chest. "No way am I going to let your feet on my shoulders."

"Come on, it's not that bad." Saro said. She lifted her right foot as a gesture. "I washed 'em two days ago."

Snotlout stuck his tongue out in disgust.

"Come on, if we don't do this, Hiccup, your cousin may I remind you, will be forever depressed and lonely." Saro said as she flicked a white cloth to Ruffnut. "Hand it to me after I get on his shoulders."

Ruffnut nodded at the simplest instructions.

"Why can't Fishlegs do this?" Snotlout asked, pointing to the oversized boy.

"Because he's not that well coordinated." Saro responded. She looked at the boy. "No offense."

"None taken." Fishlegs said with a shrug. Saro looked at Snotlout who was still showing signs of restraint.

"Still." Snotlout declared.

"Do this and I'll give you my mead for a week." Saro bargained.

"Two weeks." Snotlout raised. Saro sighed in defeat.

"Fine."

Astrid could only cringe as she watched the wedding unfold. She had a sudden urge to attack Runa at that point but she only stood there, mixed in with the other Vikings.

At last, it was the exchanging of both swords and rings. There had been no evidence of Saro's mischievous doings. No fires, no herd of panicked sheep, no rampaging dragons—it was odd.

'I'm going to kill Saro after this.' Astrid thought as she envied Runa at that moment. Hiccup was unaware at Astrid's constant fidgeting.

Saro was so going to get it.

The minister-like-guy-who-initiates-the-ceremony spoke up.

"Before we go any further, are there any objections to this union?"

This was it. There was silence. Astrid's heart sank and her anger began to grow.

"Wait!"

Everyone looked over. Astrid peered over the broad Viking-like shoulders as she found a white-cloaked tall person strutting her way to the ceremony.

"I object to this marriage." The person said in a deep voice. Astrid only narrowed her eyes at the cloaked figure. She could see a bit of a stumble. She heard a clunk near what was supposedly the stomach.

"And who are you?" Runa's father asked.

"By Frigga, I am Frigga. Goddess of Marriage." The cloaked-figured declared. Everyone was apparently shocked, Hiccup included. "This marriage is not right. No, not right."

"Why would you say so, Goddess Frigga?" Stoick asked as he approached 'Frigga' who unsurprisingly towered over him.

"Look at them." 'Frigga' pointed to the soon-to-be-wedded. "Clearly they are too young."

"Goddess Frigga, they are indeed sixteen, the legal age of-"

"When I say they're too young, they're too young!" shouted the Goddess in a loud, booming voice. Astrid was impressed at the vocalization this 'goddess' possessed.

Surprising, the Vikings bought the little display.

"Haddock and Meldon are not to be wedded." Frigga announced. "By the power I, Frigga, Goddess of Marriage, I forbid this marriage!"

Astrid could hear another clunk and soon clank and a muffled 'ow' as the Vikings were talking amongst themselves at the religious display. Astrid could see the Goddess ready to tip over.

Hiccup watched as his father turned to the crowd of Vikings.

"You heard the Goddess, this wedding is over!" he declared with a fist in the air. Hiccup was about to faint. "Come, to the Great Hall!"

Certainly the feast prepared was not to go to waste. The Vikings followed after the Berk's chief. Hiccup let out a sigh of relief as he tried to refuse to look at Runa. Runa only looked at Hiccup.

"I don't know about you, but I'm happy." Runa said before taking off.

"Happy?" Hiccup asked, not knowing whether to take it as an offense

or a compliment. It was then when he heard simultaneous thuds. He darted forward and found Snotlout escape the white tarp and Saro clutching her head. She looked at Snotlout.

"You couldn't have done it more considerately?" Saro shouted, glaring at the boy.

"Don't forget my mead!" Snotlout shouted back as he escaped.

Hiccup joined Astrid's side, taking her hand into his own. She flashed a smile at him before they both stared at Saro.

"Thanks Saro." Hiccup said.

"Sweet Thor, that hurt." Saro said rubbing her head, ignoring him.

With the wedding over, everything was back to normal. After giving Snotlout her mead and a good smack to the head, Saro joined the happy couple.

"Everything is normal again, eh?" Saro asked.

"Aye, it is." Came a voice. Saro looked up and found Stoick. He clasped two hands on each of his son's shoulders. He looked down at his son. "I'm sorry son, I'll never do something like that again."

"Please dad, don't." Hiccup said. Stoick looked at Saro who was in the middle of taking a bite of her leg.

"So Saro, Snotlout, I did not see you at the Wedding." Stoick said, looking at the two of them. Snotlout didn't say anything, he just started chugging down his mead.

"Wellâ€|umâ€|I had stuffâ€|to do." Saro lied.

"Understandable, Frigga."

With that, Stoick walked away. Saro was dazed, Hiccup and Astrid looked at each other shock.

"How did he-"

"Astrid!"

Running towards them was Astrid's mother. She seemed to have an elated look on her face.

"Astrid, I've just gotten the best news." Her mother exclaimed. "You are to be wedded to the heir of the Meathead chief. This is so exciting!"

Her mother ran off with great enthusiasm. Astrid gripped her head in annoyance. Hiccup only bit his lip in worry but Saro had that smug look on her face.

"Soâ€|when's the wedding?"

The End.

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